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CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

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[NO. 25.]

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY JOSHUA T. RUSSELL.

BALTIMORE MALE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION BOARD.

First quarterly report of the Visiting Committee.

The committee appointed by the 'Male Sunday School Union Board,' to examine the schools connected with it, have the pleasure to lay before the board the result of their observations, which have been as particular, and as frequent, as their other special engagements on the Sabbath have permitted.

Most of the schools they have visited repeatedly, others but once; and of the state of one, being the most remote, they obtained the desired information from one of its superintendants. Into the *ten* schools under the patronage of this board, they find there have been admitted *seventeen hundred and fifty scholars*. Of this number, *three hundred and nineteen* are females, who are taught by ladies, acting under the same constitution, as the respective male societies with which they co-operate.

The pupils that merit the character of regular and diligent attendants amount, in all the schools, to *eleven hundred and twenty-two*. A great proportion of these have no instruction on any day of the week, besides the Sabbath; and they have all been reclaimed from idle rambling and vicious amusements on that day. The force of propensity in them, and the influence of immoral example, to spend the Sabbath in such a manner, has been in a great measure overcome, by the kind solicitation and attentions of their teachers and visitors. They are under the care of *two hundred and fifty* persons. A great majority of this number is more or less active. It often happens, however, that the same individual officiates for a length of time, in the different capacities of superintendent, teacher and visitor. With a few exceptions, those who have been employed, have performed their duty with exemplary zeal and diligence, and there are not wanting instances, among their pupils, of remarkable progress in learning, and of the salutary influence of religious instruction on their manners. But, while the committee have had occasion to deplore the delinquency of some, who, at first, engaged with ardour in Sunday school instruction; they have, on the other hand, been delighted and encouraged, to find gentlemen, whose intelligence and patriotism, whose virtue and fortune, give them influence in society, contributing their personal aid in such labours, which, unless sustained by vigorous principle, soon become intollerably irksome. The committee regard such examples as a gratifying sanction of the

sentiments of those, who contemplate the importance of such employments in their civil and religious consequences. Viewed under these aspects, they are not degrading even to noble and enlightened minds.

Two of the schools only are organized on the Lancastrian plan of education, in one of which, it has been recently adopted. The other has been longer in operation than any other Sabbath school in the city; and the committee feel a pleasure, in saying, that after much attention and experience, it is now under excellent regulations. It is conducted by a number of pious, intelligent, and persevering young men.

The common modes of teaching are pursued in all the other schools connected with the board; but with some variety of arrangement, and in several of them, at a considerable expense of books, which are deemed not well adapted to the object in view. The committee feel it to be almost unnecessary to suggest to the board the propriety, either of purchasing or printing suitable books for the use of the schools.

With respect to the records, class papers, &c. used in the schools, they are all deficient in a plan of exhibiting, upon a slight inspection, something like the daily performance, and aggregate progress of the boys in their learning; and of encouraging punctuality of attendance, good behaviour and diligence. Such a plan would render discipline less capricious, and prevent the performance of any pupil from escaping unnoticed. It would also furnish more matter for the quarterly reports to the board, as well as make them more interesting.

Another evil; it is believed, calls for the attention of the board, which is, that of boys, who, after having received, in some instances, articles of cloathing in one school, have applied for admission into another, for the purpose of obtaining more.

The committee presume that the board will be gratified to learn that their visits have been received with pleasure; and that they have observed in all the schools a readiness to adopt such regulations as the board may recommend for diminishing the fatigues of labour, and for the prosperity of Sabbath schools in general.

The foregoing is respectfully submitted.

R. M. HALL.

J. H. PARMELE.

MOSES HAND.

} *Visit. Com.*

Baltimore, April 13, 1818.

ANECDOTE.

A gentleman, who was engaged as tutor in the family of the foreign princess, translated "The Dairyman's Daughter" into the language, and made it an exercise for the children. The princess listened while the children were receiving instruction, and the tract became the blessed instrument of her conversion.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

BAPTIST MISSIONS.

[A young lady in New-York has kindly favoured us with the following extracts from letters written by Mrs. Rowe, of Digah, and Mr. Lawson, of Calcutta.]

FROM MRS. ROWE.

Digah on the Ganges, Hindostan.

Dec. 9th, 1816.—I would fain give you some idea of the horrid superstition and idolatry of the poor Hindoos, by endeavouring to depict a scene which lately transpired. The Mahometan faith prevails in Hindostan. The last new moon was their anniversary of the Mohruen, a festival in commemoration of their prophet Mahomet, and of the victories gained by his two sons, Hussa and Hoosa, emblematical of which, two selected men fight sham combats in the midst of the assembled multitudes, accompanied by bass and small drums, horns, and various instruments of barbarous sound, and to crown all, they add their own loudest yells. They move along the publick way in the most tumultuous manner, occasionally beating their breasts, while calling upon the names of their adored champions, till their bosoms swell to a puff, their eyes seem ready to leave their sockets, and they become hoarse with calling. They also affect to bury and raise Mahomet, by each one going to the sacred Ganges, taking up a handful of mud; bearing it to the tombs of their departed saints, where lights are kept burning; there they cast it into a heap, sit around it, and watch, adore, moan, roar, and beat their breasts, and play their musick ten days and nights; after which they take up the earth, put it into a temple made of something portable for the occasion, which is borne on men's shoulders through the streets with the most horrid exultations almost to phrenzy. Every one wears a green garment in token of sorrow. If you tell them Mahomet is false, it enrages them; others say they worship the same God we do. I should have trembled for our safety, had it not been for the military force at Dignapore. They worship at the tombs of their saints, supposing that the lingering spirits there can procure them favours. Their dances have the enchantments of satan to induce the beholders to worship the performers, crying, the spirit of God is in them.

I witnessed the ceremonies of the festival of Juggernaut at Serampore. I was overcome with surprise and pity to see so many immortals thronging to adore an empty, hideously painted shell, into which they affirm the great God descends and abides during the season of their superstitious services. The car, the fantastick, obscene, cruel car, with its thirty-six massy wheels, designed to immolate, passed before my view laden with hundreds of priests on the platform of each story, through whom the people paid sacrifices

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to the God at the summit, by casting up ripe fruit to them. The car stopped! The earth trembled; and the god descended, let down by a rope round his neck; from platform to platform, amidst the loud acclamations of thousands. He was clothed in scarlet. No lives were lost that I heard of. However alluring these things are, (and thousands are duped by them) yet we believe true religion is acting a secret though effectual part in many places. Houses of worship are becoming too small. It is supposed that true religion prevails more among the army than in civil society; which will probably have a more favourable influence in moralizing the heathen. A native brother who is employed by this station, to preach and talk among his fellow natives, says, that when he reads in the market places, many listen with attention, and say, the gospel is good. He preaches every Sabbath afternoon in his native language to about thirty, men and boys. There are six native men members of the church, and two women, but owing to the remaining prejudices of their husbands that women should not appear in publick, they now do not attend.

At Cutwa much good has been done; I saw one woman baptized by Mr. William Carey.

We hear from Mr. Chamberlain, at Mongohis, that one native man is desirous of christian baptism, and a native school master is deeply interested in the scriptures. He has been there a year, having been ordered from Sudham by government for preaching to the people in the open fields at their festivals. Government has lately laid a tax on all books intended for gratuitous distribution.

At Crownpore, a military station, six hundred miles further up the river, ten soldiers have lately been baptized by Mr. Kerr. It requires the most persevering diligence to make any progress in the Hindoo language; as there is no dictionary or spelling book printed with the characters. For a female to read Hindoo is a very extraordinary thing. They all talk Hindostanee to their servants, yet I have never either seen or heard of any who could read it. I have read the gospel by John several times to the Moonshe, and have translated nine chapters of it.

FROM MR. LAWSON.

Calcutta, Aug. 2, 1817.—At Dum-Dum we had worship in a little Bungalow meeting-house. After service we adjourned to a Tank close at hand, wherein I baptized two of the artillery soldiers. On the 22d I baptized another person, a young man, a native of New South Wales. On the 27th I had the pleasure of baptizing seven soldiers from Fort William; there are six or seven more expected soon to come forward. A clergyman of the church of England is now at Marat. He employs a native convert to go about in the villages to preach the gospel. In one of his tours he discovered a vast concourse of people assembled under a tree. His curiosity led him to inquire what they were about—one of them said, we are reading a strange book. He then went to them, and found it to be a New Testament, in the Hindostanee language. He asked them how they came by it? and was informed an angel from heaven brought it to

them, and that it was the book of God. He inquired why they were met together. They told him that since they had that book, which was about three years ago, a great many had believed it, had lost all cast, and had formed themselves into a separate people; that they had continual additions to their number, and agreed to meet together once a year; and this was the first time they had met. They were obliged to separate on account of their employments, but they had appointed teachers who could read. For want of printed copies they were obliged to write a great many to distribute among themselves. They had but two or three printed copies. Upon one was found the name of Mr. Chamberlain. It was therefore discovered, that Mr. C. was the angel. He had given away a few copies, at the Hurdwar fair, for which act he was sent down to Calcutta, under a guard of soldiers. God works in a wonderful manner; the scriptures then circulated have been the means of enlightening the minds of many hundreds. At Calcutta there are eighteen native schools. We are now about forming a society for the support of native schools; when it is formed, we will let you know; perhaps, you may do something for them. [Amer. Bap. Mag.]

METHODIST MISSIONS.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Extract of a letter from Mr. B. Shaw, to the committee, dated Lealie Fontiene Kliene, Namacqua Land, July 6, 1817.

About six weeks ago, I wrote two letters for England, which I gave to a Boor, who said he should set out for the Cape in a few days, but he is not yet gone: I have, therefore, received my letters again. A letter to Mr. Benson contains some extracts from my journal, &c. till April 12. I might here add other extracts; but believe that after giving an account of my situation, prospects, &c. I shall find no place for them. In a short time, God willing, I intend setting out for the Cape, as we are in need of several necessaries, which, in this land, can by no means be procured.

I am much in want of books. Four of my scholars are now reading in the Hollandsche Testament, and others will in a short time be ready for the same; but I have no more for them. I am also at a loss for suitable books for those who are desirous to learn. I purchased thirty Hollandsche books of the alphabet, in the Cape, but all the lessons therein being of the Old Hollandsche's print, when the people are able to read this book through, they are still unfit for the Hollandsche Testament, which is printed in London, it being another sort of letter. I, therefore, in teaching my scholars, make use of the Hollandsche Tracts, which I procured in London. So soon as one of them has learnt his letters, I then begin to learn him the monosyllables in the tracts, and afterwards the words of two syllables, &c. If I can procure no other sort of books than the Hollandsche's ones in the Cape, I shall be under the necessity of sending you

a manuscript, hoping that you will print, or cause to be printed, five or six hundred as soon as possible.

We also much need *glass* for windows to our house, *and at least* for the chapel. Were it not so cold we could do very well without them; but sometimes for a week together we have the wind blowing so strong—with mist—rhime—hail, or snow, that we are glad to make fast every crevice in the house, and when this is done, we must either sit in the dark, or use a candle at mid-day. In the winter season also, in the chapel, or school, we are forced to have all our window-shutters fast, which are made of the same materials as the houses of the Hottentots. This being the case, in the cold weather we can alone see by the light of the fire, which is placed in the middle of the floor; some are learning to read who are advanced in years, and it is impossible for them to see except a window be opened, and when that is done, they cannot bear the cold, as many of them have but little clothing, and some of the children none. We also need a *bell* to call our people to service: many of them live a considerable distance, and have no clocks or watches. We now make use of a large *beast-horn*, which is blown at the appointed season for worship; but the blast is too weak to make all hear. If it is possible to obtain a bell at the Cape I must do it.

I also need *help*. In the summer season, when all the people are upon the mountain, there is work enough in preaching, catechising, and teaching school, for two persons. In the winter, when about one half remain on the mountain, and the other go to two different places, each being a long day's journey from hence, one missionary might labour one week at home, and the other at the out-posts, &c. There is likewise a place about a day's journey and a half on horseback, where, at a certain season of the year, many Bushmen assemble, there being a good fountain of water. God willing, when that season of the year shall come, I intend taking a number of my people and waggon, and remaining there for a few weeks, while the Hottentots, who are acquainted with many of the Bushmen, will do all that they can in bringing them to hear the gospel. As this place is beyond the limits of the colony, I must first have leave from his excellency, which I think he will grant me. The poor Bushmen are generally wild, and deeply skilled in preparing and shooting poisoned arrows at the Boors, &c. who are guilty of hunting them, and taking their children for slaves: what wonder? If we should obtain a missionary to settle at the Bushmen's fountain, and succeed in collecting a number of them, my people promise to help them, by giving them some goats and sheep to begin with, and to go and sow corn for the missionary. If corn will not grow on that land, they will sow him corn here, and take care that he shall not hunger.

[*Miss. Not,*

DOMESTICK.

NEW-YORK EVANGELICAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF
YOUNG MEN.

Extracts from a speech delivered before this society, at their last annual meeting in the city of New-York. By Mr. JAMES EAST-BURN.

For a moment, sir, cast your eye over the map of the moral world. What was it when Christ made his visit of mercy? What in succeeding centuries? What is it now?

On the state of the world at the advent of the Messiah, we need not dwell long. Darkness had covered the earth, and gross darkness the hearts of the people. The learning of Egypt, the wisdom of Greece, and the power of Rome were found alike inefficacious for all moral purposes. The same degeneracy continued, and in the strictest sense, they were without God and without hope. God's own people, by a series of provocation, had forfeited the divine protection, and though the tribe of Judah still retained some of the forms of the Mosaick institutions, the spirit of those institutions were gone. Jesus came to his own, but his own received him not. On the contrary they rejected, they persecuted, they slew him. But before he ascended again to his God, and to our God, he commissioned his servants to go out into the world and to preach the gospel to all nations. These apostles and disciples then were the first missionaries. They went forth—as all missionaries should go forth, with their lives in their hands, ready to sacrifice them, whenever their duty should require it. The glory of God, and the salvation of souls were the only objects before them. Need I remind you of their success? It was commensurate with the promise of support which they had received, and the means which the Head of the church afforded them.

After the departure of these faithful witnesses, the truth continued to spread throughout Asia, Africa, and Europe, until the corruptions of christians, and dissensions among its teachers defaced its fair form, covered its prospects with blackness, and prepared the way for the inroads of one of the most frightful apostacies which has ever disgraced and afflicted our world.

What was the state of the world in successive centuries? Again take up your moral map. In the beginning of the *seventh* century, the champion of infidelity appears, combining all the talent, all the cunning, all the courage, and all the ferocity necessary for his purpose. The sword is drawn, and passed to the heart of the too faithless christian. The temples of the living God are destroyed: Christian worship to a great extent abolished, and a most fearful apostacy succeeds. It is awful to mark the desolating progress of this prince of darkness. One light after another departs, until the extinguisher gives to Asia the gloom of night; and before the eighth

century is closed, Egypt, once the mother and the seat of science—nearly the whole of Palestine, that land blessed of Jehovah, and flowing with milk and honey—and Barbary, the birth place of Cyprian and Tertullian, receive the prophet of lies. In Europe the man of sin had already corrupted the truth, and substituted human inventions; and nearly all we know of christianity in the succeeding centuries, is in the superstitions of monks, the reveries of ignorant devotees, and in the decisions of councils met, not to perpetuate the truth as it is in Jesus, but their own unscriptural and tyrannical power.

This state of things could not last. It was unnatural. Wherever the Bible has been, sir, though its truth for a time may have been obscured, and like the mists which hide the orb of day, may have forced him behind a sickly cloud, it is only that he may burst forth with more resplendant glory. Such was the fact, when in the fifteenth century, from the cloisters of monkery and superstition rushed forth the intrepid Luther. With a soul which nothing could dismay, and a body capable of any fatigue, he at once charged the enemy in his strong holds. The contest appeared for some time doubtful—but great is truth—an unseen hand was guiding its operations—it prevailed over every opposing foe, and finally produced the liberation of a great part of Europe from the worst of all slavery—that of the mind.

Still in the midst of all this light, but little could be attempted in pagan countries.

[We here pass over the intermediate time to the days of Wesley and Whitfield.]

Wesley (says the speaker) was cast in a peculiar mould—Warm, and in early life, even hasty, he had so disciplined his temper as to have it always at command. Uniting all that talent which constitutes the christian statesman; that suavity of manners which attaches while it convinces the hearer; that deep knowledge of human nature which penetrates into the motives of human actions; and that variety of information which commands respect from men, the most intellectual, he soon brought forth a system of discipline so complete in all its parts, as to give promise of permanence to future generations—Examine now the records of this great christian society—more than *one thousand ministers*, and *three hundred thousand* people constitute its numbers!

Whitfield was every way an extraordinary man. Intrepid and impetuous, he foresaw no danger, and undaunted amidst persecution and suffering he maintained his ground. His uncommon eloquence attracted the attention of men of all ranks and talents, and in many instances those who went either to scoff or be amused, remained to pray. In his master's cause he compassed sea and land, not so much to make proselytes, as to make disciples of Jesus. In system and arrangement he must ever give place to his great compeer; but in zeal, in piety, in commanding eloquence and in unabated efforts to promote the great end of the Redeemer's death, he never had a superiour.

These men I consider, sir, as having laid the foundation of missions on a large scale. They diffused that spirit of ardent zeal, of persevering suffering, and of constant self-denial, which should ever influence the conduct of a true missionary. During the period however of their ministry, the Moravians had done much to carry the gospel to the heathen, while the Methodists were labouring among the poor enslaved negroes with success, and the Danish and some other missionaries were holding their silent course in the east.

About the year 1793, the Baptists, then a comparatively small, and even poor sect in England, showed what could be done by men determined to spread the truth, however feeble the means.

In 1795 was formed what is known by the *London Missionary Society*. It was my good fortune, sir, to reside in the metropolis at that time; and never shall I forget the emotions and feelings of that memorable epoch. It was a sight fit for angels to behold—one on which heaven smiled and in which earth rejoiced. In the group which this great occasion formed, were seen *Arminians* and *Calvinists*, the shy Episcopalian, and the rigid dissenter, *Pedo*, and Anti *Pedo* Baptists, all laying aside their peculiar tenets, and striving which could most promote the glory of God in the salvation of dying men. I was then young, ardent and *sectarian*—but there I saw bigotry receive a deep if not a mortal wound, and I learnt a lesson of christian charity, which I trust will ever be impressed on my memory and my heart. The great impulse was now given, and missionary efforts received a system and stability unknown before. In a few years the *Church Missionary Society*, which bids fair to eclipse every other, with many more of less power, but with the same objects, were established, and out of these parent ones has yours resulted. Auxiliaries have been formed; the word has been given, and great is the number of those who publish it.

But what, sir, is the present state of the moral world? Look around. Trace the dominions of Mahomet: He still holds one hundred and sixty millions in intellectual thralldom. But lift your eye upon that still darker shade; six hundred and fifty millions remain in pagan darkness. With the exception of the Jews the rest are nominally christian. Christian did I say? Alas for that abused name, for though they bear the name of Christ, they depart not from the iniquity which he prohibits. The errors of the papacy, and the superstitions of the Greek church leave not more than one fourth to nominal protestants.

This view is indeed appalling, and were we obliged to stop here we might retire from this place with the most heart rending emotions. But the night is almost past. Infidelity has done its worst, and the age of reason is departing into everlasting forgetfulness. The present is the breaking forth of a morning which shall, according to the divine promise, soon illumine the whole world. The angel is now flying in the midst of heaven. His great instrument, the "British and Foreign Bible Society" is paving the way for the living minister. Yes, sir, on their interesting errand, the messengers are already gone. On the shores of the Caspian and the Euxine, and on

that populated neck which separates these two inland seas—At the mouth, and on the banks of the Volga—the Steppes of Astrackan, and more northerly the settlement of Sarepta. In the commercial city of Canton—in Peninsular India—in the vast Indian Archipelago—in the groups of islands in the South Pacific—among the savage and warlike New-Zealanders, and the timid Greenlanders. In South Africa where roam the untutored Caffres, and murderous Boshmen, or sits supine the long injured Hottentot; and in western Africa, where man's worst enemy is man. In all these various climes, whether scorched by the verticle rays of the sun, cheered by his temperate beams, or frozen beneath a polar sky, is the voice of the missionary heard. Come and for a moment track his course. See his patient sufferings and mild progress. Silent and solitary is his way, but his Master's feet are heard behind him. He approaches the herd of African banditti; the spear or the club are brandished for his destruction—but soft and soothing are his accents—he tells them of peace and happiness to which they are strangers. They listen, and the murderous weapon drops from their hands, and at once they hail him as a friend and a brother. He proceeds in his heavenly employment—he enters the cabin of the unclothed savage, and in endeavouring to make him a christian, he raises him to the dignity of man.

But it is time that we return home, and see what we have done for the great cause of missions. And here so much has been said by the gentlemen who have preceded me as to leave little to be added. Societies have been established, and missionaries are engaged in considerable numbers to carry the glad tidings of the gospel to the unenlightened and uninstructed of our own country. How beautiful in our vallies, and on our mountains, are the feet of them who bear the message of peace. They track the wilds and pace the deserts, not in search of riches, but of immortal souls. Wherever the village or the hamlet rises, thither do their steps bend, and there do they deposite the word of life. How interesting is it to follow them in their arduous employment; to admire with what cheerfulness they can sacrifice the delights of more refined society, to impart consolation and hope to the destitute. Ye servants of the most high God who thus show to others the way of salvation—peace be within your houses—prosperity within your palaces. Houses! yours at best is but the hut pervious to the wintry blast—Palaces!—you have none—*you have need of none.* Palaces can add nothing to you.

[Relig. Intel.]

REVIVALS OF RELIGION.

FROM THE METHODIST MAGAZINE.

REVIVAL OF THE WORK OF GOD IN A SCHOOL.

(Concluded from page 384, vol. 2.)

In witnessing the events, thus imperfectly narrated, I had frequent occasion to notice how wonderfully religious feelings expand and elevate the human mind, even in the early stages of youth.

Children of limited education, and by no means extraordinary capacity, discovered on some occasions a pertinence of thought, and accuracy of judgment, that would not have disgraced a theologian.

With a lad, aged eleven years, I had one morning the following conversation—"My dear Alfred, why did you weep last evening; were you afraid that God would send you to hell?"—"I was, for I thought I was the greatest sinner in the world, and I had lived so long in sin, that I thought I could not be pardoned." "Do you now feel distressed on account of your sins?" "I am sorry I ever committed *one sin*, because God is holy and I wish to be *like him*, but I hope he will forgive me." "And what is the ground of your hope?" "JESUS." This reply was inexpressibly affecting. "My dear child," I replied, "trust in Jesus; he is able to save to the uttermost all that come to God through him; but tell me what has produced this change in your feelings?"

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that populated neck which separates these two inland seas—At the mouth, and on the banks of the Volga—the Steppes of Astrackan, and more northerly the settlement of Sarepta. In the commercial city of Canton—in Peninsular India—in the vast Indian Archipelago—in the groups of islands in the South Pacific—among the savage and warlike New-Zealanders, and the timid Greenlanders. In South Africa where roam the untutored Caffres, and murderous Boshmen, or sits supine the long injured Hottentot; and in western Africa, where man's worst enemy is man. In all these various climes, whether scorched by the verticle rays of the sun, cheered by his temperate beams, or frozen beneath a polar sky, is the voice of the missionary heard. Come and for a moment track his course. See his patient sufferings and mild progress. Silent and solitary is his way, but his Master's feet are heard behind him. He approaches the herd of African banditti; the spear or the club are brandished for his destruction—but soft and soothing are his accents—he tells them of peace and happiness to which they are strangers. They listen, and the murderous weapon drops from their hands, and at once they hail him as a friend and a brother. He proceeds in his heavenly employment—he enters the cabin of the unclothed savage, and in endeavouring to make him a christian, he raises him to the dignity of man.

But it is time that we return home, and see what we have done for the great cause of missions. And here so much has been said by the gentlemen who have preceded me as to leave little to be added. Societies have been established, and missionaries are engaged in considerable numbers to carry the glad tidings of the gospel to the unenlightened and uninstructed of our own country. How beautiful in our vallies, and on our mountains, are the feet of them who bear the message of peace. They track the wilds and pace the deserts, not in search of riches, but of immortal souls. Wherever the village or the hamlet rises, thither do their steps bend, and there do they deposite the word of life. How interesting is it to follow them in their arduous employment; to admire with what cheerfulness they can sacrifice the delights of more refined society, to impart consolation and hope to the destitute. Ye servants of the most high God who thus show to others the way of salvation—peace be within your houses—prosperity within your palaces. Houses! yours at best is but the hut pervious to the wintry blast—Palaces!—you have none—you have need of none. Palaces can add nothing to you.

[Relig. Intel.]

REVIVALS OF RELIGION.

FROM THE METHODIST MAGAZINE.

REVIVAL OF THE WORK OF GOD IN A SCHOOL.

(Concluded from page 384, vol. 2.)

In witnessing the events, thus imperfectly narrated, I had frequent occasion to notice how wonderfully religious feelings expand and elevate the human mind, even in the early stages of youth.

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have been, in the hand of the Almighty, an instrument of *some little good*, to the souls of my fellow creatures?

From this narrative, let teachers of youth be encouraged to persevering exertions, for the spiritual good of their pupils. Let them present the young immortals, committed to their charge, to the mercy of God, in frequent prayer, and never fail to improve every opportunity to impress the value of religion on their tender minds; and let youth and children learn, that the God who sent his Son to redeem their souls from endless woe, is well pleased with an early dedication of their ransomed powers to his service.

With most ardent wishes, that this little narrative may be useful to some of the readers of the Magazine, I submit it to you for publication, and with it transmit my best wishes for the success of your exertions in the cause of God. While your extensive labours, it is hoped, with the blessing of the Almighty, may bring *many* souls to embrace a crucified Redeemer, I also in my humble sphere may emulate the plaudit, "*Thou hast been faithful over a FEW.*"

Accept, my brethren, the assurance, that while no one more truly needs, none will more heartily reciprocate your personal intercessions at the throne of grace, than your friend and sister, in our common Saviour.

C. M. T.

REVIVAL OF RELIGION IN CRAFTSBURY, (VT.)

Extract of a letter to one of the editors.

DEAR SIR,—Having witnessed the out-pouring of God's spirit in this and adjoining towns the season past, and believing such instances to be cause of rejoicing to the people of God, I have thought fit to write you a few particulars.

A small church was constituted in this place in 1804, consisting of nine members only. In 1812, we experienced a refreshing shower of grace, at which time about twenty were added to our number: Some few were added at other times; and although we have experienced much coldness and declension, yet we have continued in a comfortable state of union as a church.

Nothing special took place from the above date till the first Lord's day in May last, when a man and woman came forward and requested baptism, and were admitted to own Christ in his appointed way. This was the most remarkable day that I ever witnessed. While preaching and administering in presence of a large and deeply affected assembly, I could joyfully say, "Lo, this is our God, we have waited for him, and he will save us; this is the Lord, we have waited for him, we will be glad and rejoice in his salvation." From this time our meetings on Lord's days were crowded; conference meetings were full, and the inquiry of convicted sinners was, what must I do to be saved? I found it easy preaching. This good work spread into adjoining towns, particularly in Greensboro', where a goodly number have owned their Lord by obeying his commands. I had the joyful privilege of administering baptism once a week for eight weeks successively.

The number that have united with this church by baptism is forty-three, who appear to have been made willing in the day of God's power; and it is my daily prayer that they may be kept through faith unto final salvation.

I am your unworthy brother,
And fellow-labourer in Christ,

DANIEL MASON.

Craftsbury, Nov. 20th, 1817.

P. S. A number have joined the congregational church in Greensboro' the season past. I cannot state the number exactly, but I think about fifty.

[*Amer. Bap. Mag.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

OBITUARY.

REV. WILLIAM BOARDMAN.

Died, on the 4th of March, about one o'clock, A. M. the Rev. *William Boardman*, pastor of the Presbyterian church in Newtown, Long-Island. He was a man of unquestionable personal piety, and most sincerely desirous of promoting his Master's glory in the salvation of sinners to the utmost of his abilities. In the discharge of the duties of his office, he was a popular and faithful preacher, and a diligent conscientious pastor. His people were tenderly attached to him, and deeply mourn his loss.

During the course of his long protracted, and severe illness, the exercises of his mind were generally comfortable, manifesting throughout an entire resignation to the will of God. To one of his brethren, who saw him on the Lord's day previous to his death, in reply to the question which was put about the state of his mind, he quoted the words of the prophet, "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness and hath no light? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God!" And added, "Oh! for the light of God's countenance as I once enjoyed it!" but closed his reply, "God is good! Oh, he is good! I feel him to be good to me." After a pause, occasioned by his weakness, he proceeded, "My dear brother, God frowns upon my people; there is great coldness among them." And that he might not be mistaken, distinctly referred to the little success of his ministry among them for some time back; when he was reminded of the words of the prophet, "Though Israel be not gathered, yet shall I be glorious in the eyes of the Lord, and my God shall be my strength." And the consolatory truth they taught, that a minister's personal salvation and eternal reward did not depend upon his success, he was silent for a moment, but again broke forth, "Oh, my brother, God frowns upon my people!" repeating it once or twice. He evidently regarded, in this hour of severe trial, the spiritual interests of his congregation as much as his own.

The following were his dying words, as recollected by his friends who were with him during the last conflict.

"On Tuesday morning the 3d ult. having been the patient subject of a stubborn fever for seven weeks, his disorder suddenly assumed a more alarming aspect. His brother-in-law having been sent for, arrived about ten o'clock in the evening. Mr. Boardman, was then dying. His brother was requested to acquaint him of his situation. As he approached the bed, Mr. B. addressed him with "how do you do, doctor?" "How do you do, Mr. B." "I am not so well as when you saw me last—I am much fatigued, and want rest—I know my situation to be a critical one—I feel my weakness; but God is able to raise me up, and I trust he will. I think I shall not die, but live to declare the wondrous works of God to sinners. O, J——, Christ is a great Saviour; his merits are infinite; his blood is precious, it cleanseth from all sin; embrace him J——, and secure the mercy of God, for it endureth for ever. Do you think me near my end?" "Mr. B——, your symptoms indicate approaching dissolution." He heard his brother without the least possible discomposure, closed his eyes, and rested himself about one minute. "Well, if I am dying, I have no time to sleep. Raise me up and call my family around me." He was raised, and his family assembled. "Where is R. where is my dear wife? My dear and loving wife, I love you sincerely—we have been permitted to live together for many years in much love and harmony, and we ought to thank God for it. I am now about to leave you; but our separation is not an eternal separation." Being affectionately asked by his wife, if he could assure her that he felt perfectly safe in the hands of God, he answered with emphasis, "I hope I can—I have not left a preparation for death till now—I trust I have long since given up my soul unreservedly, and I hope sincerely, to Christ, and he will keep that safe which I have committed to him." "Can you say so, my love? then I can, if it is God's will, give you up; for my loss is your gain. This world is now a wilderness to me." "No, my dear, I leave you in the hands of that God who has promised to be a father to the fatherless ones, and the widow's God and portion." He then most affectionately committed her to the mercy of God in Christ, and said, "We shall meet in a world where parting is not known—I now bid you farewell! Where are my children? where is M——? My dear M——, you are about to lose your earthly father, but God will be your father, if you will love him and keep his commandments, &c. Fare you well! Where is E——? My dear E——, you are now to have your father taken from you; but God will take care of you, and provide for you, if you will listen to his counsel, as I have always told you. I now bid you good by!" (He then called for his mother-in-law.) "My dear old mother, I bid you farewell! But our separation is short; we shall meet in a world where trouble is no more, and where there are no storms, &c. Now, my friends, one and all, I bid you an affectionate farewell?" He earnestly recommended the religion of Christ to his friends, and said, "fare you well—fare you well! I go a long journey; may God bless you. I can say no more—lay me down." After a short pause he said, "my manuscripts I leave to the care of

Mr. Spring, for him to examine, and if he finds any thing worthy of publication, to have it published for the good of my people." (Seeing his black girl stand by the bed.) "M——, you know I always told you to seek the Lord Jesus Christ, and put your trust in him, if you would be happy hereafter.

After a short pause, he exclaimed, "the mercy of the Lord endureth for ever. He will never leave nor forsake those that put their trust in him." He then lay still for about five minutes; then pronounced these words, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly; why is thy chariot so slow? But I wish not to be impatient; not my will but thine be done." Shortly after he said, "He that has an interest in the blood of Christ has no need to be afraid of death." The doctor then felt his pulse—"How is my pulse, doctor?" "Very weak." "Is it possible for me to continue five minutes longer?" "That is impossible for me to say." "Sit by me, and tell me the moment of my departure." His breath grew gradually shorter, and he expired about twenty minutes afterwards, without a struggle.

Who, on reading this plain unvarnished account, does not exclaim, "*Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.*"

Lines written on the decease of the Rev. William Boardman, late pastor of the Presbyterian church at Newtown, L. I.

Amid the noise and selfish strife,
Which mark the guilty scenes of life,
How sweet to note the peaceful way
Of one who liv'd "a child of day!"
Sincere, benevolent, and kind,
Blest with a holy humble mind;
To doing good his life was given,
His own rich treasure all in heaven.

The special service which he chose
Is that through which God's mercy flows:
Christ was the master he approv'd;
He preach'd that gospel which he loved.

In prime of life death's message came.
With faith, and love's most holy flame,
He heard the summons from his God;
He blest the hand, he kiss'd the rod,
And spoke of grace in melting strains
That triumph'd over dying pains.

Meek *Boardman!* may my soul like thine,
Be cheer'd in death by love divine.
Embalm'd thy memory appears,
Seen shining through thy people's tears.

Such are the saints that Christ will own;
The gems that form a Saviour's crown.
Blest is his soul; in hope, his dust
Awaits the rising of the just.

D. B.

New-York, March 9th, 1818.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

A RETROSPECT OF CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

My days and months pass swiftly by;
 And yet, I am so careless of them:
 I do not serve my God, nor try
 His wrath t' avert, my sins to fly;
 But rather shew how much I love them.
 Vile sin my heart it doth subdue,
 And banishes all thoughts of heaven;
 Of God I have no pleasing view;
 And sin the monster doth pursue
 As if from peace I'm to be driven.
 I strive, I mourn, I pray, but vain
 My efforts are, I now have proven,
 Unless my lord will once again,
 To lift me up in goodness deign,
 And take me back from whence I've roven.
 The happy thought my heart embrace,
 As a bright beam from heaven glowing;
 The blood of Christ can sin efface,
 And from wrath's book my crimes erase,
 Which daily there so great were growing.
 To me how toilsome was the hour,
 When my poor soul in sin abounded;
 Nor joy, nor peace, had it the power,
 Nor love, into my soul, to show'r:
 Nor could a hope on it be founded.
 But Jesus purchas'd holy love,
 When to the heavens he ascended:
 And now he sends it from above,
 That on our hearts his grace may move,
 And sin no more with life be blended.
 'Tis now my soul sweet peace doth find,
 My prayer (through Christ) it doth prevail;
 On him I gently rest reclin'd;
 Gracious to me he is and kind,
 And now he will my foes assail.
 My days, my months, on sweetly glide,
 To Christ my refuge now I fly;
 Though Satan's sons they may deride,
 I always in this rock can hide,
 When tempests fierce, or death is nigh.

Z.

*Pipe Creek, March 28, 1811.***BALTIMORE:**

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